

# Napalm Death, The World Keeps Turning

No way forward or back,  
In stalemate, we stagnate,  
Life cycle is an automation,  
Instinctively, we race to get ahead?

And now our virgin minds are raped,  
Another insignificance to join the rat-race

Self-indulgence with our grasp.  
We're taught but torn (from) the sanctity of life.  
So vulnerable,  
The world keeps turning -  
We spin out of control.

Guided, or could this mean misguided,  
No time for questions,  
Preoccupied with pressing on,  
The world keeps turning -  
We overdose on overdrive.

Superior species with inferior ideas,  
We overload our bodies and minds,  
Respect this earth while committing suicide.

Poison trait.  
We're the cause not the cure,  
Our methods of fulfillment will surely drag us down.

Guided, or could this mean misguided,  
Our virgin minds are raped -  
The world keeps turning -  
We overdose on overdrive, we spin out of control.  
In stalemate, we stagnate.